

Contributed

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

He held the lamp of truth that day
So low that none could miss the way;
And yet so high, to bring in sight
That picture fair—the world's great Light—
That, gazing up, the lamp between
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

He held the pitcher, stooping low
To lips of little ones below;
Then raised it to the weary saint,
And bade him drink when sick and faint.
They drank—the pitcher thus between,
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

He blew the trumpet soft and clear,
That trembling sinners need not fear;
And then, with louder note and bold
To raze the walls of Satan's hold.
The trumpet coming thus between,
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

But when the Captain says, "Well done,
Thou good and faithful servant—Come!
Lay down the pitcher and the lamp;
Lay down the trumpet—leave the camp,"
These weary hands will then be seen,
Clasped in those pierced ones and naught between.

REV. JAMES M. WHAREY, D. D.

By Rev. Walter L. Lingle, D. D.

The announcement last week that Dr. Wharey was dead brought sorrow to many a heart and the irrepressible tear to many an eye. He was a man to be loved. He was not only good but he was winsome and loveable. His going is a personal loss to many. Not only will his contemporaries in the ministry miss him, but many of us who are younger will miss him more.

It is not my purpose to write a full estimate of his life and character. I will leave that to some one who knew him the full threescore and ten years of his life. But I do want to put down two or three things that are in my heart as a testimony of what he did for me and as an illustration of what he did for many.

1. Dr. Wharey was the first minister who ever interested me in preaching. His sermons were the first that ever gripped me. He was never my pastor in the official sense of the word, but I heard him preach often when I was a boy. I was a child of eight when he came from Virginia to take charge of Rocky River Church, near Concord, N. C. He was a man of thirty-eight, but to my childhood mind he seemed much older. My parents attended Thyatira, which is some twenty miles from Rocky River. He came to Thyatira frequently to conduct the meetings that were held in connection with the communion services. I remember the first time I ever saw him and with what awe he struck me. He was so large and so serious looking. But when I had heard him laugh once and preach once the awe was all gone. He laughed as if he really enjoyed it and as if he really enjoyed life, and he preached as if he really meant it. There was something about his sermons that caught me and held me. They were not made up of platitudes and abstractions. There was a great deal of the concrete in them. His

illustrations caught my youthful ear. Many of them were taken from his experiences in the Civil war. How a boy delights in a war story. But they were not simply stories, they always illustrated. Before he was through with the story we saw the spiritual truth he was trying to show us. The tremendous earnestness of the man also left a deep impression upon us. He was not a weeping preacher, but there were often tears in his eyes, and they were not artificial tears. All the energy of his great body and all the emotion of his great soul went into his preaching. He was preeminently a preacher for children. Yet I never heard of his preaching especially for children. There was something in all his sermons that children could take home with them. The children at old Thyatira back in those days were always glad when it was announced that Dr. Wharey would hold the meeting in connection with the communion.

2. He was a true friend of young men. I speak again out of my own heart's experience. I stopped at his home for an hour on my way to enter college. Ever after that I felt that he was my friend. I do not remember just what it was that he said or did, but somehow I had felt the throb of a great sympathetic heart. The next year I decided to study for the ministry. I was received under the care of Presbytery at his church in Mooresville. He was chairman of the committee whose business it was to look after candidates. I wish that every such committee had such a chairman. He took the deepest interest in the boys and gave us wholesome advice when he felt that we needed it. In this he was always perfectly frank, but so tender that nobody ever got his feelings hurt. The candidates always felt free to go to him for counsel. Here is a letter he wrote me back in 1876—I keep it among the treasures that I prize. I was nearing the end of my seminary course. Three ways lay before me. I did not know which to choose. Instinctively I turned to him for advice. He gives it in this letter. How full of wisdom and sympathy it is. I chose the way towards which he leaned. Of course there were other elements in the decision, but his letter had much to do with it and did much to clarify the way. Since I have been in the ministry his interest and sympathy and advice have been of constant help to me. What he did for me he did for many others.

3. He wanted to die in harness. It was a great sorrow to him when he felt impelled to lay down his charge at Mooresville in 1905 because he no longer had the physical ability to do the tremendous amount of pastoral work that he thought ought to be done there. I have a letter from him dated on Christmas day, 1905, which shows how anxious he was to work until the last moment, until the Master should come and call him home. I do not feel that I am betraying his confidence when I quote a paragraph from the letter. It shows the heart of the man. It breathes the spirit of Christ: "I assure you that it was not from a desire to give up the work or from any failing in my love for the work. I have the satisfaction of believing that I followed the promptings of conscientious convictions of duty, and therefore I feel sure the Master will approve. . . . I do not wish to be idle, and trust the Lord may open to me yet some doors of usefulness